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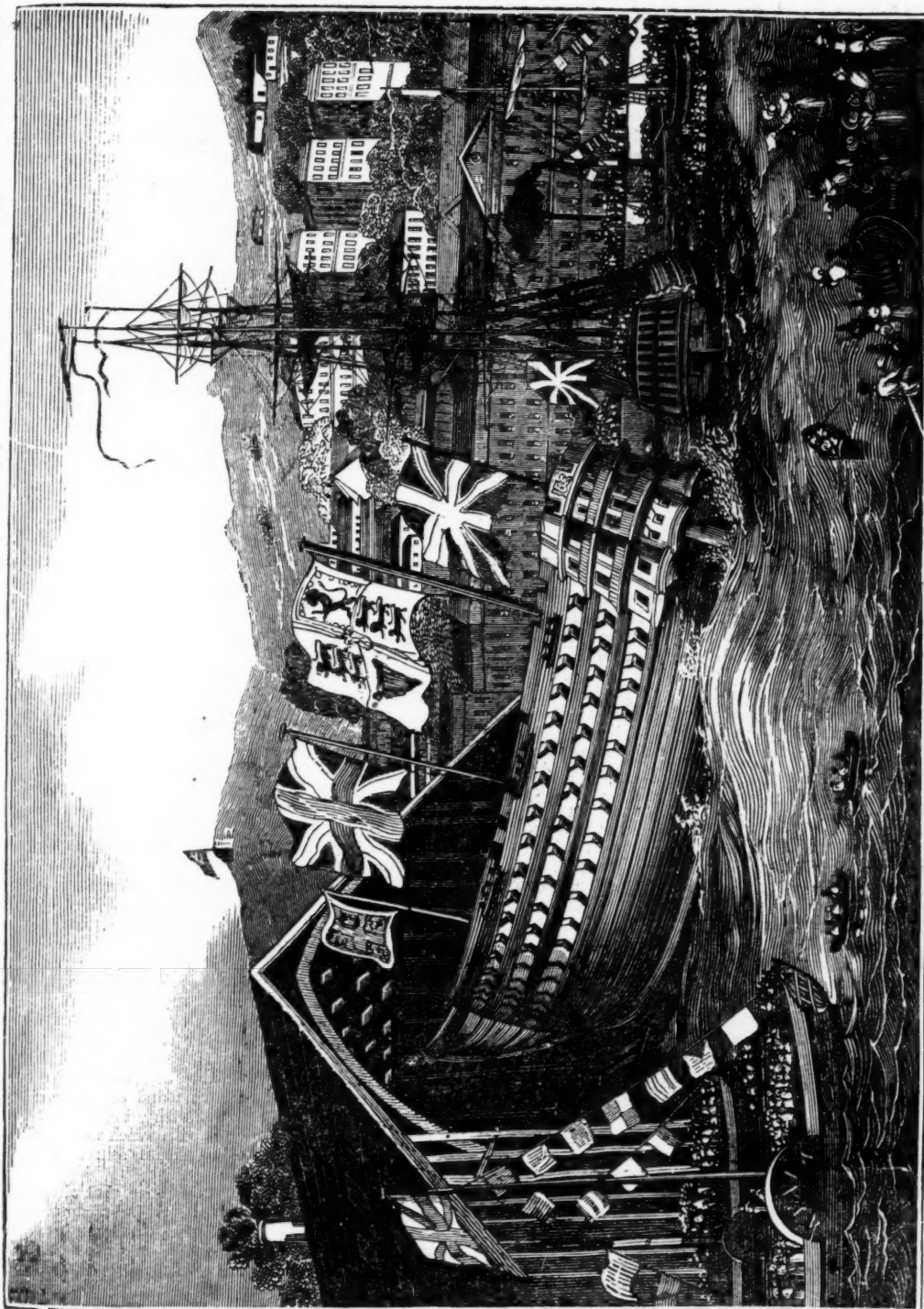
FEBRUARY



8TH, 1834.

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



LAUNCH OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP. WATERLOO, AT CHATHAM.

HIS MAJESTY'S DOCK-YARD AT CHATHAM. DESCRIPTION OF A SHIP LAUNCH.

Here Science lays
The solid keel, and on it rears a frame;
Enduring, beautiful, magnificent.

at last
By thousand hands prepar'd, the finish'd ship
Is ready. V. T. CARRINGTON.

It has been well observed, that amongst the various important and interesting objects connected with the Navy of Great Britain, there is not one so much entitled to a foreigner's envy, or an Englishman's admiration, as a Royal Dock Yard. The Arsenal and Dock-yard at Chatham, once ranked before the magnificent establishments of Portsmouth and Plymouth; and whether we consider their situation or internal arrangement, they are admirably adapted for the purposes for which they are designed, and fully bear out the preceding assertion.

A Dock-yard was commenced here early in the reign of Elizabeth, near the place where the gun-wharf is now situated. It appears then to have consisted of one small dock, which, from its confined situation, and the increasing magnitude of the Navy, it was found necessary, in the year 1622, to remove to the site of the present establishment. During the reign of Elizabeth, the fleet usually lay in the river Medway, and the Queen seems to have fully appreciated the advantages of the situation, by ordering the erection of Upnor Castle, a fortification a little below the Dock-yard, on the opposite bank of the river. Within the mouldering towers of this structure, (which is environed by a moat,) a magazine of gunpowder is kept for the use of the navy; but no guns have been mounted for its defence, for a considerable period. Upnor Castle has a small establishment under the command of a Governor, who also commands the other forts for the defence of the Medway.

The Arsenal was constructed at the conclusion of the first war with Holland, in the reign of Charles the Second, who also greatly improved and extended the Dock-yard.

The most interesting passage in the history of Chatham, occurred during this war (1667), at which period, Upnor Castle, for the only time, proved of essential service. On the 7th of June, the celebrated Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, suddenly appeared off the mouth of the Thames, with a fleet of fifty sail. After destroying the Dock-yard and fort at Sheerness, then in an unfinished state, he detached his Vice-Admiral, Van Ghent, on the 12th, with seventeen men-of-war of a light draught of water, and eight fire-ships, to destroy the Dock-yard and shipping at Chatham. The British government appear to have been completely taken by surprise; but the instant that the intelligence reached London, General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was despatched to Chatham, to make the best dispositions the shortness of the time afforded, to frustrate this bold attempt. He threw a chain across the Medway, and sunk several ships in the channel below it, to prevent the approach of the enemy; but in despite of these obstacles, and of the resistance of three large vessels, (Dutch prizes,) which were moored near, Van Ghent, aided by a strong easterly wind and spring-tide, succeeded in breaking the chain; when he set fire to the ships, and sailed onwards up the river. On arriving opposite Upnor Castle, with six men-of-war and five fire-ships, the enemy, however, met with so warm a reception from Major Scott, who commanded that fortress, aided by batteries on the opposite shore, that he was compelled to retreat, without effecting the leading object of the expedition. On his return, he succeeded in carrying off the hull of the *Royal Charles*, a large ship then fitting out, besides destroying three others. The *Royal Oak*, one of these vessels, was commanded by Captain Douglas, an officer of great merit; who, in the confusion of the period, not having received any orders to retreat, hopelessly defended his ship to the last extremity, against an overwhelming force, and perished with her. His last words were, *It shall never be said that a Douglas quitted his post without orders.* There have been few finer examples of heroism than this. Two Dutch ships ran ashore, and were burnt in the Medway immediately afterwards. Eight fire-ships were also burned, and the Dutch historians acknowledge a loss of 150 men killed.

Soon afterwards, De Ruyter left a part of his fleet at the Nore, and sailed for the British Channel, making two attempts to destroy the shipping at Portsmouth and Torbay, but being repulsed, he again returned to the mouth of the

Thames. With twenty-five sail, he then attacked the British fleet under Sir Edward Spragge, lying at the Hope, but after a severe action was again obliged to retreat.

Chatham Dock-yard, which has been greatly improved and extended since the reign of Charles the Second, is situated on the eastern bank of the river, immediately below Chatham; and, including the ordnance-wharf, is about a mile in length. To attempt, even briefly, to describe the many interesting objects in this great national establishment, would occupy several numbers of our publication; it is, in fact, a little city of itself, intersected with ranges of streets of store-houses and buildings, filled with every necessary article, either for the construction or repair of a fleet.

Amongst the objects most deserving of notice, we may mention the *Smitheries*, containing upwards of twenty forges, many of which are adapted for the construction of anchors of the largest size, which weigh five tons, are moved into and out of the fire by means of cranes, and are of the value of 360*l.*;—the *Rope-House*, 1140 feet in length, in which cables of 120 fathoms, and 25 inches in circumference, are made;—large *Store-House*, 220 yards long, and the *Sail-Loft*, 209 feet. There are six Slips for building ships, and four Docks for their repair; an Ordnance-Wharf, on which the guns belonging to the various ships lying in ordinary, are systematically arranged in immense tiers, the cannon-balls being arranged in pyramids; various Cranes, of great power; Kilns, in which the planks necessary for curved forms, are steamed; Pump-Houses, Saw-Pits, and extensive ranges of artificers' Work-Shops; an Anchor-Wharf; a Mast-House, 220 feet long, and 120 wide, for laying up masts and yards of the largest dimensions; several Ponds, where the timbers to form the masts are kept constantly floating; spacious and handsome residences for the Commissioner and principal Officers in the yard; in short, every requisite and convenience for the purposes of so vast an establishment. But, notwithstanding the multiplicity of movements and processes continually going on, and the number of persons employed, there is no appearance of bustle or disorder; indeed, "such is the state of discipline and perfection by which every thing is conducted, that it may be regarded as a sort of rational machine, worked by instinctive power, and set in motion by superior minds;—every man, every object, and each operation, seem tributary to that great floating citadel, and ever-changing home, a man-of-war."

The rapidity with which a Ship can be fitted out in cases of emergency, is a striking illustration of this. Even early in the last century, a first-rate of 106 guns, which was ordered to be commissioned with great expedition for Sir Cloudesley Shovel, was completely fitted out in three days; she had previously been entirely unrigged, but her masts were raised, yards to, sails bent, and anchors and cables on board, at the conclusion of that short period, when she was enabled to drop down the Medway. Great as the celerity in this instance appears, the same equipment could now be effected in one-third less time. During the late war, nearly 4000 persons were employed in this Dock-yard.

Interesting as is a Royal Dock-yard, when viewed under any circumstances, it is, however, at the period of a SHIP LAUNCH that it is seen to most advantage. In this seagirt isle, indeed, where a love of all that relates to the ocean, or to maritime affairs, seems almost a concomitant of our nature, a ship-launch is a spectacle of deep interest. The progressive growth of a few rugged timbers into the stupendous floating fabric, which rides out securely the gale and storm, is certainly one of the most wonderful instances of human skill and ingenuity. Nothing more forcibly illustrates the inestimable benefits which civilization and science confer upon man; and cold indeed must be the heart which does not swell with gratitude, on reflecting upon the marvellous powers with which we have been gifted, by HIM who is the beneficent source of all the blessings we enjoy.

It may not be uninteresting to premise, that when a ship is laid down, or built, she is supported by strong platforms of oak, resting on a stone foundation, which are laid with a progressive inclination to the water, on the opposite sides of her keel to which they are parallel. On the surface of this slope or declivity are placed two corresponding ranges of planks, which form the base of a frame, termed a *cradle*, whose upper part lies next to the bottom of the ship, to which it is securely attached. Thus the lower surface of the cradle, conforming exactly to that of the frame below

lies flat upon it lengthways, under the opposite sides of the ship's bottom; and, as the former is intended to slide downwards upon the latter, carrying the ship along with it, the planes or surfaces of both are well greased with tallow and soap.

The necessary preparations for the launch having been made, all the blocks and wedges by which the ship was previously supported, are driven out from below her keel, except perhaps five or six, which are left at the upper end of the slip; when her weight then gradually subsides on the platforms, which are accordingly called the *ways*. Formerly, the blocks and wedges were all driven out, and the ship was then held alone by stout oak bars, shod with iron, called "dog-shores," till the proper time for launching (when the cradle is entirely free to move along the sliding planks); but accidents having sometimes occurred, a few blocks are now left, as previously stated, to check the vessel on her course downwards. The last operation is to let the dog-shores fall; the ship then hangs for a few seconds, in consequence of the pressure of the remaining blocks, and, if after a short time she does not move, the workmen, who are all ready, strike at these blocks, which the weight of the ship instantly oversets, and she glides downwards into the water along the sliding ways, which are generally prolonged under its surface to a sufficient depth, to float her as soon as she reaches their furthest extremity.

One of the finest launches ever witnessed at Chatham, was that of the *WATERLOO*, a first-rate of 120 guns, which appropriately took place on the last anniversary of that glorious triumph of the British arms. On that occasion, the scene in the vicinity of the dock-yard, and on the broad and glistening surface of the Medway, was splendid and imposing. Every spot which could command a view of the launch, was densely covered with masses of human beings; and the river, which was crowded with yachts, steamers from the metropolis, and boats of almost every class, decked with flags and colours, seemed absolutely "instinct with life." As the moment drew nigh, the eyes of the vast congregation of spectators became rivetted on the stern of the *Waterloo*, which was the only part not concealed by the lofty roof of the building-slip. A slight agitation seemed at last to move the people; the interest deepened, and the silence became profound and breathless: then the heavy discharge of a single gun boomed impressively on the ear—a deafening shout burst from the multitude—the huge structure moved! The "shores" or bars which held it, had been removed, the ceremony of naming was performed with the accustomed formalities, and the magnificent *Waterloo*, as depicted in our engraving, glided majestically into her home on the world of waters, amidst the roaring of artillery, a perfect model of symmetry and strength. And then the sympathies of the spectators were differently affected. The swell produced by the sudden plunging of so vast a body into the water, was necessarily considerable; and as the noble ship swung round with her formidable broadside, several boats were swamped, and human lives perilled. The shouting of the multitude was again hushed, but the excitement, though painful, was only transitory; in a few minutes, the gigantic vessel was securely moored alongside the *Southampton* frigate, lying in ordinary, without the occurrence of a single serious accident.

The *Waterloo* is considered one of the most perfect specimens of the round-stern build, (invented by Sir Robert Seppings, late surveyor of the Navy,) which has yet been constructed. Her burden, per register, is 2693 tons, which may fairly be computed at 3000, she is pierced for 120 guns, and her dimensions and weight of metal, correspond with those given in the description of a line-of-battle ship, in a preceding number of this work*.

During the war with France, in 1758, when the country was threatened with an invasion, the extensive fortifications, called the *Lines* were commenced, principally with a view to defend the Dock-yard. The *Lines* are strengthened by ramparts, palisadoes, and a broad deep ditch, and are further defended by a strong redoubt on the summit of the hill, towards the south-east. They embrace within their circumference, which extends for several miles, the whole of the naval establishments, the upper and lower barracks, the populous village of Brompton, and Chatham Church. The barracks are very extensive; as independently of a large resident garrison of marines, this is one of the principal depôts for troops destined for foreign service.

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. III., p. 39.

Chatham, which appears to have derived its name from the Saxon words *cyte*, a cottage, and *ham*, a town or village, has principally been built since the reign of Elizabeth; it adjoins the City of Rochester, and with Strood, on the opposite side of the bridge, over the Medway, forms one continuous street, of upwards of two miles in length, locally called the "Three Towns."

It appears that there was an extensive Roman station here, as large quantities of remains, and many Roman graves, were discovered in excavating for the Lines. The excellent fund, originally called the *Chest at Chatham*, (since removed to Greenwich and London,) was commenced by the advice of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, when Queen Elizabeth assigned a small portion of the pay of every seaman, for the relief of those who had been wounded or disabled in the Royal navy. An hospital was erected here for ten "poor decayed seamen and shipwrights," by Sir John Hawkins, under Royal Charter, in 1592. There is also another hospital, capable of containing 400 patients, at Chatham; this structure is 350 feet in length, and was erected at a cost of 70,000*l*. The population of the parishes of Chatham and Gillingham, according to the last census, amounted to 24,670.

THE celebrated Cuvier, who, by his laborious researches and acute reasoning, made so many important and interesting discoveries in the natural history of the earth, and effected, perhaps, as great a revolution in received opinions, as was ever brought about in any science by one man, never laboured in order to support a system, but always to discover the truth; and the further he advanced, seemed the more convinced that he did not know enough to enable him to form a system. Speaking of theories in general, he said, a little before his death, "I have sought, I have set up some myself, but I have not made them known, because I have ascertained that they were false, as are all those which have been published up to this day. I affirm still more; for I say that, in the present state of science, it is not possible to discover one; and it is for this reason that I persevere in my observations, and that I continue to publish them. This perseverance only can lead to the truth. We ought to labour, not with the object of supporting a theory, because then, the mind being preoccupied, will perceive only that which favours its own views; our labours should be for the object of discovering the truth." —*Memoirs of Cuvier*.

PLINY mentions a plane-tree, which flourished in Lycia, during the reigns of the Roman Cæsars, which had attained an unusual size. From a vast stem it divided into several huge arms; every one of which had the consequence of a large tree; and, at a distance, the whole together, exhibited the appearance of a grove. Its branches still flourished, while its trunk decayed. This, in process of time, mouldered away into an immense cave, at least eighty feet in circumference; around the sides of which, were placed seats of pumice stone, cushioned softly with moss. Lucinius Mutianus, governor of Lycia, has left it on record, that himself and eighteen other persons could commodiously dine in this tree; he frequently enjoyed the company of his friends there, and used to say, it was a great luxury to dine in its trunk on a hot summer's day; and to hear a heavy shower of rain descending through the several stages of its leaves. —GILPIN.

THE SETTING SUN.

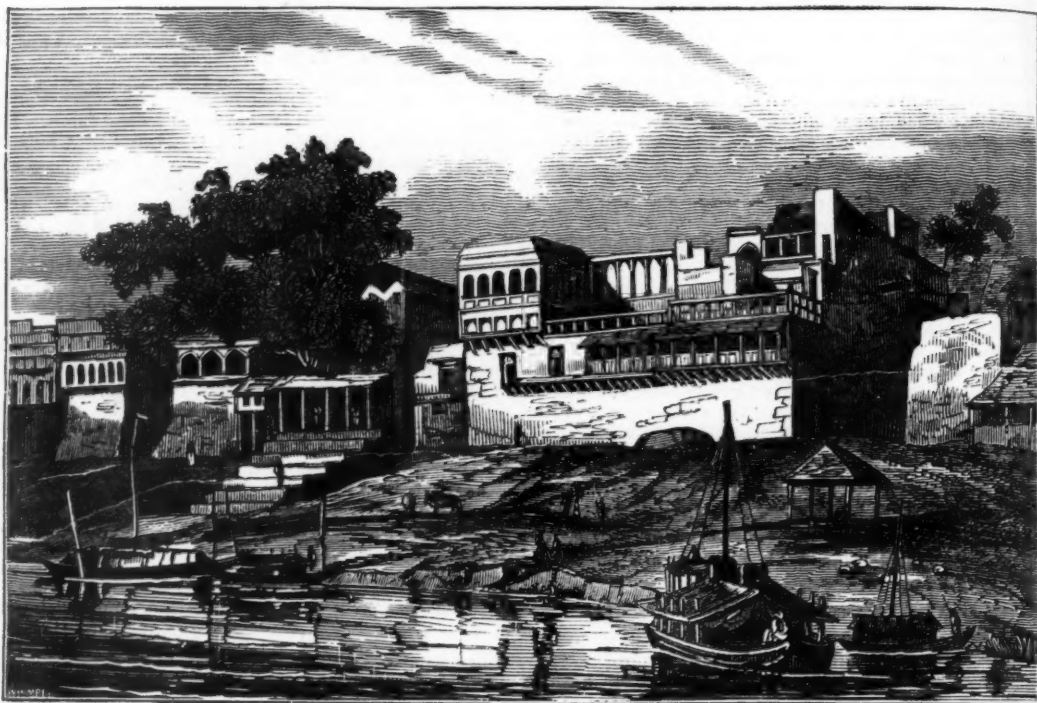
THAT setting sun! that setting sun!
What scenes, since first its race begun
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are, as they had never been.

That setting sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet according thoughts sublime,
In every age, and every clime.

'Tis sweet to mark thee sinking slow,
The ocean's fabled caves below,
And when th' obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulse shall cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun.

EAST INDIA STATIONS. No. IV.—PATNA.



VIEW IN THE CITY OF PATNA.

PATNA is, in itself, a very ancient city, though erected near to, if not upon the very site of, one still more ancient, named *Pateliputra*. Distant about four hundred miles from Calcutta, it is situated on the right, or southern bank of the river Ganges, and is the first native city of wealth or importance, which presents itself on the voyage towards the upper country. It is the chief city of the province of Bahar, and is very extensive and populous.

With regard to situation, it has its advantages. For instance, although the province of Bahar, in which it lies, immediately borders on Bengal, yet it is, in several points, more desirable as a place of residence. The seasons are, indeed, nearly the same in both, the hot weather commencing in the middle of February, and continuing to the middle of October; but as Bahar is higher above the sea, its climate is, in some respects, more favourable. The degree of heat may, indeed, be equally great, but it is not of that damp character, which marks the hot season in Bengal. This makes it somewhat less oppressive without the house in the day-time, whilst as soon as the sun has set, it is practicable there to go out, and enjoy the almost inexpressible pleasure of the evening-drive. As moreover, Patna is seated on an eminence, it has the advantage of being secure against the floods, to which, at certain seasons, that part of the country is exposed.

As Patna has often been the seat of war, it is fortified in the Indian manner, with a wall and a small citadel; and though it does not contain any single building of great celebrity, or peculiar beauty, is rich in the remains of Mussulman splendour, and its appearance from the river is highly picturesque. The houses of the wealthy classes, which are numerous, are handsome buildings, flat-roofed, and surrounded by carved balustrades. Many are of considerable extent, and though exhibiting the usual symptoms of neglect, when seen from a distance, make a good appearance.

"Patna," says Bishop Heber, "is a very great, and, from the water at a little distance, a very striking city, being full of large buildings, with remains of old walls and towers, and bastions, projecting into the river, with the advantage of a high rocky shore, and considerable irregularity and elevation of the ground behind it. We proceeded along this noble expanse of water, which I really think grows wider instead of narrower, as we advanced, and which here, between wind and stream, was raised into waves little less than those which the Mersey sometimes exhibits below Liverpool. At the eastern extremity of Patna, is a large wood of palms and fruit-trees, pointed out to me as the gardens belonging to a summer-palace, built and planted by the Nawâb Jaffier Ali Khân. They are renowned for their beauty and extent, being two or three miles in circuit. We also passed a large and ruined palace, which had been the residence of the late Nawâb of Patna, Abbas Kouli Khân, a splendid and popular person. The houses of the rich natives pretty much resemble those of Calcutta; but they have the advantage here of being immediately on the banks of the river. I saw one, which, beneath its Corinthian superstructure, had a range of solid buildings of the Eastern Gothic, with pointed arches and small windows, containing a set of apartments almost on a level with the water, uninhabitable, I should suppose, from damp, during this season, (August,) but which must be coolness itself, during the hot winds."

The intermixture of their residences with peepul-trees, broad ghauts, or landing-places, the remains of Gothic gateways of dark-red stone, and the numerous temples devoted to Hindoo and Mussulman worship, produces a striking effect; and, when the river is full and brimming to its banks, turret, spire, and dome, being reflected in its broad mirror, the scene is exceedingly imposing. The continued mass of buildings extends about four miles along the

river, when it changes into scattered cottages and bungalows, interspersed with trees, till some more large and handsome buildings appear, about three miles further, where is situated Bankipore.

On entering Patna, we find that its streets can be traversed only on horseback, or upon an elephant, being too narrow to admit of any wheel-carriage superior to the native *rheet*, which is a creaking, nodding, non-descript vehicle, in which the ladies of the country, concealed from public view by thick curtains, enclose themselves when they travel or pay visits. The best houses face towards the river, and many of these have a dismal appearance on the side of the street, showing only a high blank wall, with a few small windows in the upper story. Other mansions are within large walled courts, and in passing along the principal street, many porticoes of houses are to be seen peeping out of recesses, or small quadrangles. The houses inhabited by the middling classes, are exceedingly crazy, and have somewhat of a Chinese air, each story, as it rises, lessening in size, and standing in the verandah of the one below. They are removed, according to the Indian custom, a little from the public path, which is crowded during the day with men and animals, (horses, buffaloes, bullocks, camels, and goats,) by being raised upon a platform about a foot high from the street. The houses occupy the centre of this platform, a margin being left all round, which sometimes stretches beyond the verandah, and forms a sort of counter, on which the goods of the inferior shop-keepers are displayed in baskets, none of the richer and more elegant articles being exposed to public view in India.

The shops of the *kukeems*, or apothecaries, make the best appearance; they are furnished in the primitive style, with herbs of various kinds, neatly arranged, and reminding the stranger of the descriptions given in some of the histories of London, of the state of Bucklersbury, when simples formed the stock-in-trade of medical practitioners. Amid much that is unsightly, there is a great deal to admire, in the long line of streets which stretches from gate to gate of this extensive city, every few yards bringing some picturesque object to view; lofty open cupolas, in the most elegant style of mosque-architecture, surmounting handsome mosques, are contrasted with solid towers of the dark-red stone, which seems to have been the favourite material of former times. The houses built for the English residents, on their first occupation of the city, now deserted and falling into decay, have a singular and melancholy appearance. Their construction after the European fashion, shows that they were intended for foreigners; and their desolation recalls to the mind the tragic end of those who trusted themselves to a hostile race, then smarting under the recollection of recent defeat. A large piece of ground also, consecrated and converted into a Christian cemetery, spreading its grass-grown mounds amidst the dwellings of the heathen and the unbeliever, presents a more than usually dreary and melancholy spot.

Those who are willing to brave the disagreeables of a closely-built city, may find much amusement in an evening's visit to Patna. The streets are crowded to excess, the whole male population swarming out to enjoy the air, or assembling in the verandahs to smoke their hookahs, whilst gazing on the scene below. Native *palkies*, *taunjahs*, and *rheets*, force their way through masses of men and boys. Nothing in India can be done without noise, and the din of the passengers is increased by the cries of *chokeydars* (watchmen), and the incessant vociferations of *fakeers*

(religious beggars), stationed at the corners of the streets. The shops are all lighted up, and as the evening advances, the dusky buildings, which rear themselves against a dark-blue sky studded with innumerable stars, have a solemn and striking effect; much that is unseemly is obscured in deep shadow, and only the more prominent objects are favourably revealed to the eye. Patna, at this time, assumes a very imposing aspect, presenting, as it does, a succession of temples and palaces, worthy to have been the abodes of the luxurious Moguls.

The wealth of Patna is enormous; many of its great men are exceedingly rich. The city carries on an extensive trade, and is famous for its manufactories of table-linen, and wax-candles. It is, moreover, a grand mart for opium, that precious commodity which enriches so many of the native agents, who, as they grow wealthy, live in a style, and assume the title of *nawabs*. It also possesses very expert workmen in every department of mechanical art. The soil is favourable to the growth of potatoes, a vegetable which is much cultivated for native consumption in India.

There are portions of the suburbs of Patna which are exceedingly interesting, particularly the view from the Mussulman Cemetery, which is of considerable extent. This lonely burying-ground, which, with the exception of one season in the year, is left to perfect solitude, is well worthy of a visit. It is a large oblong square, surrounded by various buildings at unequal distances from each other, some being handsome houses, furnished with double tiers of verandahs, erected for the reception of guests and spectators, during the solemn Mohammedan festival of the Imaun Hoseyn Mohurram, which takes place in the beginning of August, whilst others are of more ancient and solid construction, consisting of towers and gateways of dark-red stone, reliques of the days of Moslem glory, when the Moguls ruled the land down to the very mouths of the Ganges. This singular spot, in its tenantless seclusion, conveys the idea of a deserted city to the musing spectator. It overlooks a vast extent of country, which, during the rains, is covered with a number of broad lakes, which lose themselves in a suitable back-ground of deep dark forests; whilst buffaloes, animals which always give a wild, and even doleful appearance to the landscape, are seen wallowing in the marshes. Viewed under the crimson grandeur of the setting sun, the scene is most awe-inspiring; and, as the gloom increases, and the last red gleam dimly illumines the long square, the imagination becomes naturally tinged with the deepest melancholy. But this cemetery displays a stirring and magnificent scene during the annual ceremonies of the *Mohurram*. As this is one of the chief festivals of the Mohammedan religion, a few words respecting it may be acceptable.

When the impostor Mohammed died, he was, we know, succeeded by his father-in-law Abu-beker, who was followed by Omar and Othman, all to the exclusion of Ali, his nephew and son-in-law. This has led to a division of the Mohammedans into two great sects, the *Soonies*, who acknowledge the three former as lawful Caliphs, and the *Shiahs*, who assert the superior claims of Ali. The latter, on the death of Hoseyn, the son of Ali, who was slain with his brother Hassan, at Kerbela, A. D. 680, established the Mohurram in remembrance of that event. On this occasion they carry about, in grand procession, a *taboot*, or kind of mausoleum, or tomb, with human figures in it, and highly adorned with tinsel, and gold and silver leaf; and for several days they

bewail the unfortunate end of Hoseyn, beating their breasts, and calling on them by name, crying out continually, *Hoseyn, Hassan, Bube Fatima*, in a most outrageous manner. Patna is a strong-hold of Mohammedanism, and the disciples of the prophet who dwell within its walls, are most firm and zealous in their faith: and the riches of the city enable them to celebrate the rites of the young martyrs, as they consider the murdered brothers, in a very splendid manner; and this noble space is selected for the final depository of the *taboots*, or tombs, which are carried about by the followers of Ali, in honourable remembrance of his slaughtered sons. The whole population of Patna, not merely the Moslem and Hindoo, but even the Christian portion of it, assemble to witness the procession. Persons of rank are accommodated in the houses before mentioned, whose roofs are crowded by immense multitudes. Great respect is paid to the Christian spectators, not only on account of their influence in the country, but because it is believed, that persons of the Christian faith remonstrated against the cruel persecution of the youthful princes by the disciples of Omar. The whole square rings with shouts of Hoseyn! Hassan! accompanied by deep groans and beatings of the breast, whilst, amid the discharge of musketry, the last scene is acted by groups of persons representing the combatants of that fatal battle in which Hoseyn fell. Whenever the venerated martyr is beaten to the ground, the lamentations are redoubled, and such is the enthusiasm which prevails, that many are withheld, by force alone, from inflicting desperate wounds upon themselves. Woe to any of the followers of Omar who should dare to intrude upon the mourners. The battle is then renewed in earnest; whole companies of Sepoys (native soldiers,) have been known to engage in deadly combat with each other, and numerous lives are lost. It requires the utmost vigilance of the magistrates to prevent blood from being shed at this festival. D. I. E.

[Chiefly abridged from an article in the *Asiatic Journal*.]

WERE the variety of tones in the human voice, peculiar to each person, to cease, and the hand-writing of all men to become perfectly uniform, a multitude of distressing deceptions and perplexities would be produced in the domestic, civil, and commercial transactions of mankind. But the all-wise and beneficent Creator has prevented all such evils and inconveniences, by the character of variety which he has impressed on the human species, and on all his works. By the peculiar features of his countenance, every man may be distinguished in the light; by the tones of his voice he may be recognised in the dark, or when he is separated from his fellows by an impenetrable partition; and his hand-writing can attest his existence and individuality, when continents and oceans interpose between him and his relations, and be a witness of his sentiments and purposes to future generations.—DICK.

THERE is a more than common desire, among the slaves in — to learn to read. They flock to schools when they are opened, are eager to buy spelling-books, and snatch a lesson in reading whenever they can. It is by no means rare, when the people come in from the field, to see a tall man sitting down, and taking most docilely his lesson of A, B, and C, from a boy not half his length; whilst, at the same time, two or three full-grown persons are looking over the man's shoulder, to pick up what they can from this little master and his great pupil.—*Letter from a Gentleman in the West Indies*.

I WILL tell you, says Izaak Walton, that I have heard a grave Divine say, that God has two dwellings, one in Heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all.

MAKING WONDERS OUT OF NOTHING.

IN Dr. JOHNSON'S *Idler*, is the following amusing account of a man, who makes wonders out of nothing.

My friend, Will Marvel, is not one of those who go out and return with nothing to tell. He has lately taken a journey, and has a story of his travels, which will strike a home-bred citizen with horror. When he left London, the morning was bright, and a fair day was promised. But Will is born to struggle with difficulties. That happened to him, which has sometimes, perhaps, happened to others. Before he had gone ten miles, it began to rain. What course was to be taken? His soul disdained to turn back. He did what the King of Prussia might have done; he flapped his hat; buttoned up his cape, and went forwards; fortifying his mind by the stoical consolation, that whatever is violent, will be short.

His constancy was not long tried; at the distance of about half a mile, he saw an inn, which he entered, wet and weary, and found civil treatment, and proper refreshment. After a respite of about two hours, seeing the sky clear, he called for his horse, and rode on; passing many pools of water, of which it was impossible to guess the depth, and which he cannot review without some censure of his own rashness; but what a man undertakes, he must perform, and Marvel hates a coward at his heart.

At last, the sun set, and all the horrors of darkness came upon him. He then repented the weak indulgence of his long rest at noon: yet he went forward, sometimes rushing suddenly into water, ignorant whither he was going, and uncertain, whether his next step might not be his last. In this dismal uncertainty, his horse unexpectedly stood still. Marvel had heard much of the instincts of horses, and was in doubt what danger might be at hand. Sometimes he fancied that he was on the bank of a river, still and deep, and sometimes, that a dead body lay across the track. He sat still awhile to re-collect his thoughts; and as he was about to alight, and explore the darkness, out stepped a man with a lantern, and opened the turnpike-gate!

SOME are much more quick-sighted to discern the faults and blemishes of others, than their own: can spy a Mote in another's eye, sooner than a Beam in their own.

This common failing of the human nature, the Heathens were very sensible of; and imaged it in the following manner. Every man (say they) carries a wallet, or two satchels or bags with him; the one hanging before him, and the other behind him; into that *before*, he puts the faults of others; into that *behind*, his own; by which means, he never sees his own failings, whilst he has those of others always before his eyes. Now, a proper knowledge of ourselves, will teach us to turn this wallet; and place that part which contains our own faults, before our eyes, and that which contains those of others, behind our back. A very necessary regulation *this*, if we would behold our own faults in the same light in which *they* do. For we must not expect that others will be as blind to our foibles, as we ourselves are. They will carry them before their eyes, whether we do or no. And to imagine that the world takes no notice of them, because we do not, is just as wise, as to fancy that others do not see us, because we shut our eyes.—MASON

CHRISTOPHER VISCOUNT HATTON was Governor of Guernsey, in 1672, and, with his family in Cornet Castle *there*, was blown up, in consequence of the powder-magazine being struck with lightning at midnight. He was in bed, and was blown out of the window, and lay some time on the walls of the castle, unhurt. His mother and wife, with several attendants, perished; but an infant daughter was found the next day, alive, and sleeping in its cradle, under a beam of the ruins, unhurt by the explosion. This daughter was Anne, afterwards married to Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, by whom she had issue five sons and eight daughters, besides ten other children, who died young, and seven, who were still-born, in all thirty. She was grandmother through her second son, William, to the late Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and great-grandmother to the present Earl, through her youngest son, Edward.

DR JOHNSON used to remark, "If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

READING AND WRITING.

In themselves, these accomplishments are strictly mechanical. Learning to read, is no more in itself than learning to play the flute, and does not, indeed, require intellectual capacities of so high an order; to read is simply to connect a sound with a sign. To write is still more mechanical; it is the art of making very simple signs which, it has been agreed upon, shall represent a certain number of sounds. The mental processes employed in acquiring and practising these arts are of a very mean kind. No sound human being was ever found incapable of them. But they are instruments of stupendous power, and it is *the uses to which they may be applied*, that has caused so much confusion respecting them. Under the old and clumsy methods of instruction, these arts were so slowly and painfully acquired, that, incidentally, numerous ideas were collected, which contribute still more to complicate the notions attached to the subject. But in the midst of other improvements, the mode of communicating a knowledge of these arts, in the least possible time, has been discovered. By the Bell, Lancasterian, and other methods of teaching, the art alone is acquired, and in the least possible time, so that the incidental addition of a few ideas is lost.

If then a boy, immorally educated, is taught also reading and writing, he is in nothing, or by very little, raised in intellectual cultivation, while two powerful instruments are put into his hands. Thus the child of a pickpocket, or burglar, will probably be neither pickpocket nor burglar, he will probably be a begging-letter writer, a forger, or an embezzler. If, on the other hand, a child be *morally* educated, these instruments of power will, according to his moral impressions, be turned to use.

Like all power, however, they expose the possessor to temptation; and the greater the pressure of this force, the greater ought to be the moral and guiding power.—A servant ungifted with the art of reading manuscript, will not open letters or pry into secret papers—they tell him nothing; but if he can so read, then some sense of right and wrong, and the habit of moral conduct, is necessary to strengthen him against the temptation of curiosity. This is a small case of very universal application. But while a temptation is afforded on the one hand to do evil, there is also presented the means of instruction; the taste for reading is not an unbalanced good: it depends in part on the books read; the chance, however, perhaps, is in favour of a wholesome result.

From these considerations, it is manifest that *literary* education is so far from being a substitute for a *moral* one, that, on the other hand, it demands that a higher moral power should be exerted, in order to steady and direct the progress of the human vessel. Reading and writing are like a too-powerful steam-engine in a small and weakly boat—the helm is disobeyed, and the timbers are shaken to pieces. The helm, in these cases, is instruction, moral and religious.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

Let no man presume that he can see prospectively into the ways of Providence! His part is to contemplate them in the past, and trust in them for the future; but, so trusting, to act always upon motives of human prudence, directed by religious principles.—SOUTHEY.

Be not ashamed to confess you have been in the wrong. It is but owning, what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more *sense* than you had before, to see your error, —more *humility* to acknowledge it,—and more *grace* to correct it.—SEED.

DIFFICULTY OF SACRED POETRY.

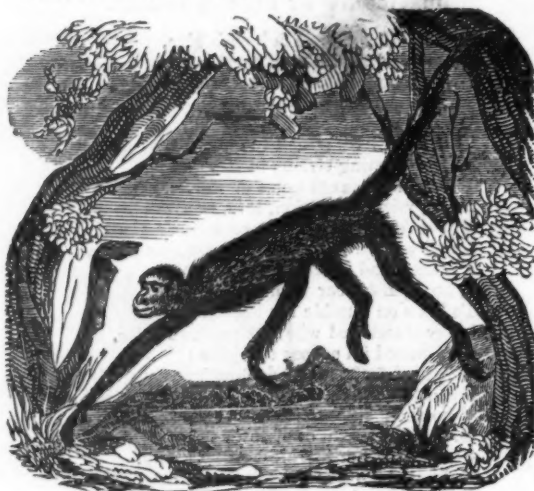
Oft would I sing with boyish glee,
Of joy and festive revelry;
And oft would pour a softer strain
To soothe some visionary pain:
Oft too, when crested heroes fell,
This hand hath struck the chorded shell,
Till maddening strains in frenzied jar,
Echoed the brazen notes of war.
Pride, mirth, ambition, love, or arms,
Sweet friendship's voice, or nature's charms,
Could wake a harp, which though unknown
To fame, and heard by one alone,
Whose partial ear would aye incline
To list e'en humble lay like mine,
Ne'er slumbered when its master's voice,
Summoned its echoes to rejoice;
Or called for tones of deepest grief
To soothe a pain that spurned relief.
Why then, since earthly themes could move
Of joy, ambition, or of love,
Saviour! when thy blest name I sing,
Reluctant shrinks the tuneless string,
And loftiest themes to mortals given,
To teach on earth the joys of heaven,
Strains by yon white-robed minstrels sung,
Fall lifeless from this stammering tongue?
Is it that heaven alone may be
The scene of heaven's own minstrelsy?
Or that this heart, attuned to themes
Of earth, and fancy's flickering dreams,
Needs purer strains the joys to tell
Of scenes where saints alone may dwell?
Oh then, till meet for realms above,
Saviour, whom though unseen, I love!
Be mine on earth the filial tear,
Offspring of love though chid by fear;
Be mine the hope, which though awhile
It triumphs not, yet dares to smile;
And mine the faith that scatters wide,
The mists that heaven's bright presence hide,
Whispering that soon this heart shall glow,
With joys unseen, unknown, below;
And soon this hand, with skill new given,
Echo the harmonies of heaven.

S. C. W.

As is the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of Nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood, and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when Nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn, no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *vexation of spirit*.—BLAIR.

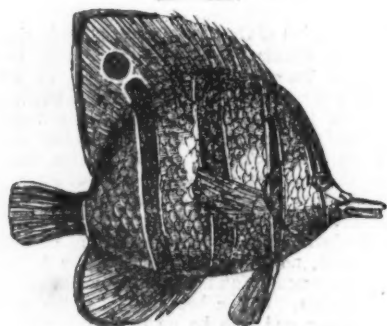
From the piety, gentleness, and forbearance of women spring most of the Christian virtues that adorn society, and from the tenderness and compassion stamped on their hearts, arise the greatest number of those benevolent deeds that form the chief blessings of life. From these divine virtues spring the tender nurse in sickness; the "ministering angel" in affliction; the friend of the suffering poor, the protectress of the helpless orphan. Oh! let the human heart expand with gratitude to the Supreme Giver of all good, that such balm to earthly sorrows are given, in the endearing ties of wife, mother, sister, and daughter: and let each of these important relatives receive and use the gift of a tender and compassionate heart, as a precious deposit for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. Her feelings were given her as incentives to her various duties, and they must no more be wasted on useless objects than her fortune, her time, or her talents.—MRS. KING.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HAND AND THE EYE.



THE SPIDER MONKEY.

THIS is a sketch of the *Coaita*, or Spider Monkey, so called from the extraordinary length of its extremities, and its motions. The tail answers the purposes of a hand, and the animal throws itself about from branch to branch, sometimes swinging from the foot, sometimes by the hand, but oftener, and with a greater reach, by the tail. The extremity of the tail is covered only with skin, forming an organ of touch as discriminating as the hand. It inhabits the woods of South America, associating in great multitudes; assailing such travellers as pass through their haunts, with an infinite number of sportive and mischievous gambols; chattering, and throwing down dry sticks, swinging by their tails, and endeavouring to intimidate the passengers by a variety of menacing gestures. Its general colour is black, except the face, which is a dark flesh-colour.



THE CHATODON ROSTRATUS.

The *Chatodon rostratus*, (from *chate*, hair; *odon*, a tooth; and *rostratus*, beaked,) affords a curious instance of the precision of the eye, and of the adaptation of muscular action. This fish is about six or eight inches long, it inhabits the Indian rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic flies. When it observes one alighted on a twig, or flying near, (for it can shoot them on the wing,) it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim, as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. These fishes are kept in large vases for amusement, and if a fly be presented on the end of a twig, they will shoot at it with surprising accuracy. In its natural state, it will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. —SIR CHARLES BELL on the Hand.

THE SPIDER.

"THAT man" says the accomplished Cowper, "who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantage of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any."

This thought arose within me during a late walk in the neighbourhood of my village. The morning was cold and clear, but the sun shone bright, and not a cloud flitted across the heavens. The little river flowed over its rocky bed, and on either side, the spreading branches of the oak, the elm, and birch, had intercepted the flakes of snow, and formed a sparkling arcade. Every twig glittered with hoar-frost; even the coarser herbage, ferns, reeds, and mosses, seemed as if fledged with icy feathers; while here and there the *Daphne-laurel*, and the holly, firmly grasped the rugged banks. Their dark shining leaves were gemmed and edged with frozen particles, that reflected the colours of the rainbow; and across them innumerable spiders, as if proud to display their skill, had spun and interlaced their glittering webs.

It is very amusing to watch a Spider when thus employed. He first throws out a thread, which becomes attached by its adhesive quality, to some near bough or leaf, tuft of moss or stone. He then turns round, recedes to a distance, attaches another floating thread to some other part, and darts away, doubling and redoubling, so as to form figures the most pleasing and fantastic, spinning a thread at every movement, through the holes of his bag, by an operation similar to the drawing of wire:

And thus he works, as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,

As she with all her rules can never reach.—COWPER'S Task.

Yet the simple machinery, by which such a process is effected, consists merely of two bags, or reservoirs, filled with gum, or glue, and perforated with small holes. The secretion of the threads is an act too subtle for our discernment, except as we perceive it by the produce. It may, however, be observed, that one thing answers to another,—the secretory glands to the quality and consistence required in the secreted substances,—the bags to its reception; that the outlets and orifices are constructed not merely for relieving the reservoirs of their burden, but for manufacturing the contents into a form and texture of great external use to the life and functions of the insect. Two purposes are thus accomplished in the economy of nature. A feeble creature, which it has pleased Omnipotence to call into being, for reasons, though inscrutable to us, yet undoubtedly both wise and good, is put into a condition to provide for its own safety. An exquisite effect is also produced in the winter-landscape—an effect of a character so new and beautiful, though annually recurring, that few regard it without admiration and delight.—*Annals of My Village*.

WALLER's opinion concerning the duty of a poet was,—
"That he should blot from his works any line that did not contain some motive to virtue."—JOHNSON.

A GENTLEMAN, a good shot, lent a favourite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds, which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.—JESSE.

TALK not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler; unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician at a concert. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats the company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl.—JONES of Nayland.

ARABIAN PROVERB.—"Drops added to drops make the ocean."

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